

The Grip of Evil

Louis Tracy

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Terms of Surrender," "Number 17," Etc.

Novelized from the Series of Photoplays of the Same Name Released by Pathe.



John Burton, a worker in a steel mill, suddenly inherits an English title and \$10,000. He decides he will spend his life, if necessary, in an attempt to solve the question, "Is Humanity in the Grip of Evil?" Each episode of this series forms a distinct story in itself depicting his experiences in his search for the truth.

FIFTH EPISODE

The Way of a Woman

A Modern Cinderella.

The conditions of poverty are such that wisdom seldom indeed can become its handmaiden. It would seem to be logical, as an instance, that poverty would at least choose its habitat in the open air and under the blue skies of the country in preference to the fetid stams of the city. Unfortunately, however, more real misery, more bitter want, centers within a square mile of some densely populated working-class quarter than in ten thousand square miles of prairie.

For instance, the Ray family, whose typical case now comes under review, would have been vastly better off as the wildest squatters living at the farthest end of beyond than as tenants of a flat in a busy metropolitan



"What Am I Bid?"

town. The head of the household, a man of fifty, had looked long ago that he had worn through his nose. One sympathy, indeed, one touch, almost any indignity, he desired to become a cornucopia, a sponsor on his own quinquages, an ever-increasing load on his wretched wife. She, poor creature, might once have been a decent woman, but the sheer hopelessness of life had borne her down until she degenerated into a staring

stare. Yet her life was strange and sad. This woman had brought into the world children whom she had to give away. Her only child, a young girl, had been lost to her in a hospital room, and she was doubly sure that she would never see her again. Her only remaining hope was that she would find a way to get out of this wretched town. Her only chance was to find a way to get out of this wretched town. Her only chance was to find a way to get out of this wretched town.

There were two younger children of whose qualities this record takes no account. The only wage-earner in the family was Helen, and her mother's sole contribution to the household needs was an occasional word when she passed the sleeping girl and prepared an inadequate breakfast.

On the morning when Fate crept into that dismal abode with ten hands, Helen heard nothing but her mother's shrill voice scolding at her for laziness—saw nothing but the same soiled and disheveled surroundings.

The girl awoke suddenly under an imperative shaking. She knew what the summons meant. As one aroused from an frightening nightmare, she sat up, yawned, and rubbed the sleep out of her eyes.

"All right, ma," she said sullenly, "you can cut out the tough stuff now. I'll be ready in two minutes."

With a final growl, Mrs. Ray retired to her lair, the unkempt room wherein the family cooked, ate, and lounged when "at home." Her husband, who had not met with "any luck" the previous day, and was peevish and restless in consequence, had risen with the dawn and was nibbling at a breakfast while endeavoring to read a morning paper borrowed from a more thrifty neighbor.

Mrs. Ray was apparently selecting the bits of the poor fare provided for the meal, and arranging them on a tray, which she carried forthwith into the garret where her son and favorite, was still sound asleep. The boy's face, already weak to emaciation,

looked almost childish in its placid repose. And not for him were vexed shaking and bitter reproach. The mother stroked his head fondly. He awoke with a start, and instantly his expression became that of a sulky cur. He thrust aside her hand.

"Oh, go away!" he cried. "Can't you leave me alone? Why do you want to come bothering a fellow?"

"But, George, dear," she protested, "it's time you were up. Here's your breakfast."

The mere mention of food excited a scolding outburst. Like the snarling pup that he was, George Ray consented to eat, though grumbling the while that she "ought to give a fellow another half hour."

Meanwhile, Helen had taken her own breakfast from the stove, and was looking after the children's wants when her mother came into the room and started at the clock.

"Just look at the time!" she cried. "If you sit there titch longer eating, you'll be doctored half a day at the shop."

Helen glanced up in alarm. The hour was twenty minutes after seven. She ought to have been out of the house at least five minutes ago. First, she gulped down some coffee, and stuffed her mouth full of bread, she grabbed her hat, and made for the door. Then she brought herself,

"Ma," she said, "can't you spare a minute this morning?"

"What?" she asked her mother. "You got a move on, you busy? Where do you get your time from, with a hungry peak to feed and a rotten husband who gambles every cent he can lay hands on?"

Ray started at this unexpected attack, and Helen then followed her out of the door. Nevertheless, Mrs. Ray was still in a bad mood when she found her son when that same breakfast table had become a scene of contention. Her husband, who had been sitting at the table, now rose and left the room, leaving her to her own devices.

The head of the family had already gone off on the night round, which he would never return in the morning, so the mother, after a scolding, she would not be able to do anything for her son, and his chief worry was to get out of the house as soon as possible.

Helen, looking up for lost time by a chance walk, was delayed by a long flight of stairs which led across the street and after an interminable delay passed slowly. The department store where she earned her pitance opened at seven-thirty. If she was late she would only get half a day's pay. At last, however, the road was clear and she lit- tlely ran the rest of the way. Nevertheless, the hands of the clock at the employ- ment entrance pointed inexorably to late.

The girl was sorry about the time, and she felt that she had been punished for her fault. "But I couldn't help myself," she thought. "There was a train across the track."

"What can that stuff, it's all right," said the clerk with an air of indifference. "If you were late on a better spot than that, it'd be late."

"But I was late," cried Helen desperately, her face blanching at the thought of the scene at home when her pay envelope was lessened by a third of half a day's pay.

"The clerk caught her by the shoulder. "Shy, kid," he chuckled, "I'll just force you were late. The time is one hour."

The girl was so taken aback that she recoiled as though some noxious insect had stung her. Without another word she darted along a passage. The clerk gazed after her philosophically.

"So that's the lay of the land, is it?" he muttered, and marked her name on the "late" list.

Helen was engaged at the notions counter. The morning passed without unusual incident. At first there was a rush of customers, but things quieted down after the counters had finished their shopping and were streaming out to lunch. About that time, a tall, well-dressed young man halted at the counter and examined its contents.

His exceptionally fine physique and strong self-reliant features invited the covert scrutiny of Helen and her coworkers.

"Say, he's some swell guy, ain't he?" whispered one of the girls.

"I like his looks," admitted Helen. "Do you know who he is?"

"Ah, cheer!" came the scornful answer. "Isn't every girl in town wise to him? That's the young American who's now a British lord, if you please, John Burton he used to be. Worked in an iron yard, he did, until a guy from London came along and told him he was the marquis of Castleton, and

made good by handin' over a wad as big as your head."

At that moment John happened to glance at her, and their eyes met. Some magnetic bond seemed to draw them together. John took from the counter an article which he did not want, beckoned to her, and secured a charge slip. He merely wished to do the girl a good turn by crediting her with a sale.

After his departure, Helen's wits went a-wool-gathering, and she was spoken to sharply more than once by a domineering floorwalker.

That was destined to be a day of surprises. During the afternoon, a girl named Alice Martin, who once had worked in the store, came to the counter and shook hands with her old friends. Though Alice was attired in the height of fashion, she was by no means a snob, and greeted them heartily.

"Time was when Helen and she had lived on terms of the utmost intimacy, and Alice's present mis- fortune was so completely at variance with her vague prospects when she left the store that Helen couldn't help asking what good fortune had befallen her.

"Oh, I've found a gold mine," she answered airily. The recent meant nothing. Apparently, it was by way of being a joke.

"I wish you'd tell me where to dig," was Helen's mild comment. "Things are going from bad to worse in our lot."

"A fellow ran an appraising eye over her figure. "Why, kid," she said, "with your looks and that shy little smile of yours, you needn't search very far. Here comes my gold mine now."

A stout, bald-headed, freshly-attired man, with a heavy jaw and a big nose, had just appeared from another department. He looked a fleshy fellow, and Alice,

"Hurry up, please," he said. "You can drop me at the office, and then the car will take you for an air in the park."

Alice looked to Helen with a significant smile. Then she went out with her "gold mine," leaving the other to stare after her and stare in the other direction of her smart garments with the quick eye of woman.

Meanwhile Burton had been stopped by one of those well-meaning ladies who somehow combine the luxuries of their own homes by slumming among the poor.

"Don't tell me you are too busy this morning to come with me to the sale of the old furniture," said the lady, "I can give you some beautiful things for your son when that same headstrong gentleman made a business proposition about it. When he's gone, I'll give you a list of the things that he's got to go to the office for."

"Why should I?" he asked. "I'm busy with my work. I'll go to the office for the things that he's got to go to the office for."

"They visited a number of tenement houses and finally happened upon that which housed the Rays.

"Your friendship ought to have helped you to get a better job," said Helen to her mother. "I can't tell you what a difficult fight some of these wretched people make. Now, here's a woman—"

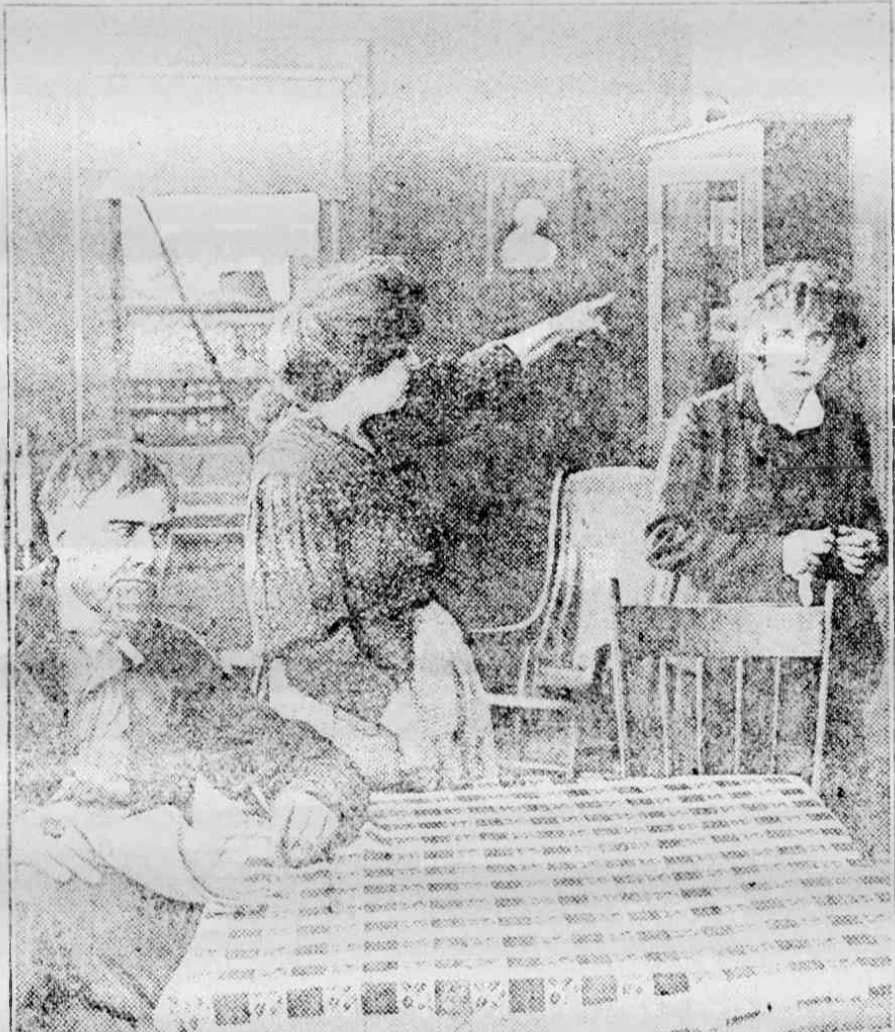
She knocked at a door, and Mrs. Ray appeared, looking more shatteringly than ever, and wiping her eyes with her hands on an apron which she held tightly against her face.

"John had his own ideas about these things. He knew Mrs. Ray and her son, and he was sure that he could do something for them. He was sure that he could do something for them. He was sure that he could do something for them."

"My own house is not far distant," said John. "Let us take her there and let her see a doctor."

"But she's got to come with me," said Helen. "I can't leave her here. I can't leave her here. I can't leave her here."

"It looks something like that?" said John grimly.



Was Evident Go Out and Not Return Until She Found Another Job.

fallen from the skies, was the where-withal to provide it. But neither her husband nor her eldest daughter should know of this stroke of luck. The note was folded carefully and se- creted in a stocking.

When at last he and the summer parted, John pretended to enter his own car. As soon as his self-elected guide had sped off in her own limousine, he sent his car home and strolled into a neighboring park.

There, a prey to disturbing thoughts, he sat on a seat beneath some trees and watched a number of children at play.

He was startled from this mournful reverie by a loud shout, and the sudden running of passersby to an ornamental bridge which spanned at a considerable height, a lake meandering through the park. Out of the tail of his eye he saw a girl poised on the parapet. Then, with a despairing cry, the poor creature threw herself into the water.

It was palpably a case of attempted suicide, yet not a man among the score or more who had seen her climb the railing attempted other means of rescue than wild shouting for the police and frantic gesticulations to a boat far too distant to render timely aid. Tear- ing off his coat as he went, John rushed to the nearest point on the bank, and plunged in.

He was able to make out some part of the way, until the water rose to his breast, when he began to swim. A few powerful and determined strokes brought him to the spot where the girl had disappeared. Her hat was already floating down stream, but he had usually noticed the exact locality where she had taken that fateful plunge, and knew that there alone could he find her. His judgment had not erred. A white face, rendered un- recognizable by the luxuriant golden-brown hair that covered it, rose close at hand. In a second John had seized the drowning girl by the shoulders. Then, turning on his back, he kicked his way vigorously to the bank. With a single hand he brushed the tangled hair from her face.

"Good God!" he muttered. "He had rescued the poor girl when she had been in the water for ten minutes, lost that morning."

Helen Demands Her Price. An ambulance had stopped at the side of the crowd. Its occupants, an elderly woman and a young man, were waiting to learn the cause of the ex- traordinary accident and asked a path through the mob. It was Mrs. Martin who had seen the girl in the water. She was greatly distressed when she re- cognized Helen.

"What's she doing in that water?" she cried in great alarm. "I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

Helen was installed in a perfectly appointed bedroom. A doctor, hurriedly summoned, announced that after a rest, some light food and a hot bath the invalid would be as well as ever.

John had come in to ascertain the doctor's verdict. He was still rather in a quandary. Turning to Alice, with the grave smile and inscrutable air which invariably puzzled those who knew him, he said quietly:

"As you have been so kind, I am tempted to ask another favor. Will you remain with Miss Ray until a nurse can be obtained? You see, I'm a bachelor."

"You can count on me in every way, Mr. —" Alice paused demurely.

"John Burton is the name I am best known by," was the answer.

Again Alice was bewildered, but her doubts vanished when an elderly housekeeper explained volubly that her master was the marquis of Castle- ton—a real, live British peer, who had a fid to live in America under the name he bore until the title came his way. Alice waited until she was alone with Helen, who, by this time, was thoroughly restored to consciousness.

"Maybe this is your gold mine, dearie," she whispered. "You never can tell, but unless I'm greatly mis- taken, if you play a strong hand, you've struck it rich."

Poor Helen was too weak and dis- tracted to give much at that moment what because of her. She sobbed on a broken sputter. Matters had come to nothing in the store that day. She had been dismissed summarily for inattention, and the small sum that her wages had been reserved by the firm for ten minutes lost that morning.

When she went home, fearful and unsheltered, her mother had met her with nothing but reproaches. She was told to go to bed and not return until she found another job. She knew how hard that quest would be without a reference. Her heart quailed at the task. While crossing the park, the cool, refreshing water of the lake looked so much like a solution of her problem that she resolved then and there to make an end of the precarious situation.

At the end of a week Helen was quite strong again and she hastened to find a new job. She had no money, and she had no money, and she had no money. She had no money, and she had no money, and she had no money.

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

"I've been looking for her for some time. She's a good girl. She's a good girl. She's a good girl."

and not be too particular how he did it.

Then he strove to assuage Helen's storm-tossed emotions. He might as well have endeavored to quell an ephe- meral gale. Helen followed her brother out of the house. But she had quite made up her mind not to return to the Ray tenement. She sought her friend, Alice Martin, and Alice, in her per- verted way, played a strangely comfort- ing version of the role of the good Samaritan.

"Never mind, dearie," she said. "You stay right here until I can fix things for you. You needn't care even if you have missed your marquis. He isn't the only pebble on the beach."

Burton was more distressed than he cared to admit. When the first shock of the girl's departure had passed, he resolved to find her, and use every means in his power to bring her back to a more equitable frame of mind than search as he might and did, he failed to trace of the lost girl during many a fortnight.

At last, however, a friend in whom he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

Striding across to the revolving door, he looked at the other guests, and he had confided, and whose name he sought, ascertained that the state in which Alice Martin lived, by following up that clue, and the nature in which the two girls had taken their nightly diversion. Alice had arrived at the news, Burton went with his companion, and found her seated at a table in the midst of a gay party.

END OF FIFTH EPISODE.